

TENTH YEAR.

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TIPS ON NEW YORK

Unpolitical Anxieties of Grover Cleveland.

ADVENTURES OF FRED GRANT

A Fortune in an Ostensorium and a New Aspect of Van Alen—A Gambler King.

When it was first rumored among a limited class of persons in New York that Grover Cleveland's personal pecuniary affairs were not in a flourishing condition there was general incredulity. It is well known that Mr. Cleveland is surrounded by as satiate a set of flatterers as ever lived, and it seemed surprising, therefore, that he should make unfortunate investments.

Now it transpires that this very fact is responsible, although indirectly, for an unpleasant reduction in the amount of the president's private fortune.

When Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated he was worth, over his liabilities, about \$500,000, less than that sum rather than more. This consisted of real estate, unnumbered, a bank account amounting, on March 1, to \$100,000, and a stock in a street railway, and of a small sum, stated to be \$50,000, invested upon bond and mortgage in New York and Buffalo. Shortly after Mr. Cleveland's election he changed entirely the nature of his investments. No inconsiderable amount of his fortune was so placed that it might be affected by his official actions. In order to avoid even the appearance of evil, the president-elect had all his securities disposed of and the proceeds invested in such a manner that no official policies of his could either increase or decrease their value. This was simply following a precedent set by all our chief magistrates. President Harrison having done a similar thing shortly before his inauguration.

But when the cares of his office began to weigh upon Mr. Cleveland he found it entirely impossible to attend to his personal affairs. The real estate, for lack of management, yielded no revenue and the stocks were not holding their price. The president never knew much money—ten thousand dollars would pay his debts and more at almost any time, but the scale upon which he lived and the losses he sustained through his investments have left him poorer by a good deal than when he entered the white house last March. It is stated, upon an authority which leaves the assertion open to no dispute, that Mr. Cleveland is worth to-day barely two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and his salary is being spent as fast as it comes in.

It is to this state of affairs that the writers of a possible reelection of the president are due. In the retirement of his private residence, near Washington, Mr. Cleveland has expressed his disapproval of present partisan tendencies in no uncertain way. No secret is made of the fact that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Cleveland have discussed together the possibility of Vice President Stevenson being called to a higher office otherwise than by a death.

The Great Family.

It seems that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sarantia wishes her children to become out and out Americans, and for that reason the English branch, so to speak, of the American general's family will become extinct hereafter. Mrs. Grant is mainly responsible for this. In a letter to Mr. G. W. Childs he lately expressed a longing to have all the family at home. Moreover, Mrs. Grant, the soldier's widow, is no longer robust, and it is felt that her children and grandchildren should be about her in these declining years.

It seems likely that the Sarantias will settle in New York, but it is denied that an attempt will be made to get the boys into West Point. The youths are not qualified for the academy, anyhow.

Young Col. Fred Grant is a remarkably shrewd man of business. He has many money-making projects on foot, all of which are turning out well, but he is, unfortunately for himself, too generous with his funds. He gives to every needy chap who comes along. While in Austria his back door was crowded in the early morning hours by the mendicants of Vienna, eager to share in a distribution of the kitchen scraps.

When Col. Grant got back from his post he was visited by the representative of a young lady whose uncle was a wealthy man. This relative concluded to leave all his money to his old general's son, but he had a niece in the war zone who knew little of, and who was naturally worried at the prospect of getting nothing by inheritance when her uncle died. So she had her legal representative in New York call upon Col. Grant. The latter, when he realized her aim, at once refused to be so easily duped. He refused to make a will in her favor.



VAN ALEN.

That Mr. Van Alen will sail from New York as ambassador to Italy is now a settled fact. Indeed, his agents here have been making purchases on his behalf, and this wealthy gentleman will voyage on an imposing scale. He is to have forty trunks at least, and no end of household goods will be transported to Italy with the rest of the belongings. Mr. Van Alen owns a rare assortment of sporting tackle, fishing rods, guns, saddle bags and the like. Then he possesses pictures and bric-a-brac of unlimited value. The transportation of these articles to Italy has been determined upon and in a matter of peripety to one of the foreign express companies here.

It may be of interest to note that Mr. Van Alen and the young prince of Italy whom Humbert loves so much are on more or less friendly terms. The pair met in Paris at a dinner given by Duchess d'Uzes. This lady, having always maintained a sort of half mourning in spite of her social gaiety, wanted to have one dinner as a sort of well international affair. One minister in Paris was then away on leave of absence, and the duchess invited Mr. Van Alen in the capacity of an American. The two fell into conversation on sporting subjects and ever since Mr. Van Alen has almost been on speaking terms with Italian royalty. But as the queen of Italy does not approve of her son's intimacy with any person not of the Roman Catholic faith, our ambassador may find the quinquennial a frigid place. To be sure he can go to the Vatican for the ecclesiastical halo.

Many persons having wondered why Van Alen selected the Italian of all foreign missions may be less puzzled by considering how agreeable it is to improve one's acquaintance with royalty.

A Fortune in Metal.

One of the costliest ostensoriums in the world has just arrived at the archbishop's residence from France, and will shortly go upon the cathedral altar in New York city. An ostensorium is that part of Catholic ceremonial plate in which the blessed sacrament is placed, and it is moved only upon the most solemn occasions.

Many thousands of dollars have been expended upon this new ostensorium, which weighs about twenty-five pounds, and is all gold, silver and gems. It was paid for by contributions, which have been coming in for a long time. The article was received in bond and delivered at the archbishop's residence under government seal, the clergy not opening it until the custom officials had visited the house to break the seal. The jeweled object was found intact, and with its flashing rays and reflections almost dazzled the eye. All things considered, the cathedral of New York is becoming one of the most superbly appointed in the world. Its altars are a paragon of ceremonial pomp, and the decorations and appointments are beginning to rival the Old World's edifices. The new ostensorium is only an item in a long series of costly accessories.

A Philanthropic Gambler King.

William J. Thompson has so long been known as the gaming duke of Gloucester that the news of his charitable deeds in New York would be received almost with incredulity. Yet he has given liberally to worthy objects in Gotham for some time past. When cases of destitution come under his notice he is ready at all times with money. He once met in Park row a shabby old fellow, who had been kind to him in his own youth. He gave him a supply of cash, and procured him a situation. Thompson also likes to befriending young fellows who wish to educate themselves, and he has been very generous to unfortunates on the track. This man is certainly the queerest compound that ever lived—a sort of Mephistophelean philanthropist. His yearly income is very great, and the amount with which he defies law and order and slips through legal meshes would make an ordinary man nervous.

Parting a Yaw by Proxy.

A Kōbe (Japan) paper copies a curious advertisement which has been hung out on the board by a rich man at Matsuyama, Nagasaki. The notice explains itself. "When my daughter was sick I prayed the Kōmpira of Sanuki province for her recovery, pledging to let her pay a thanksgiving visit to the temple by creeping on her hands and feet all the way through, in imitation of cattle, if she recovered. The prayer was heard, and she recovered by the miraculous influence of the Almighty Deity. But after all, it is impossible for a tender girl to creep several hundred miles to Sanuki. I should therefore like to find a substitute for her, and if anyone offering himself or herself for such he found suitable to the task I will offer such a person one thousand dollars."

The Wrong Place.

Foot—I have a poem here to sell. Editor—Bartlett. Where is it, but this is not a just place. Answer—The corner, please.—Detroit Free Press.

HOWDY ON FOOT BALL

The Outlook for the Season Suits Howard Fielding.

YALE HAS NO SHOW, AS USUAL

Harvard Looks Like a Winner, Except to a Prophet—Description of the "Kilkenny Cats."

I am pleased to observe that the attention of the public has at last been diverted from the monetary discussions in congress to something of real importance, namely, football. For the football, while it is undeniably full of wind, has yet something tangible on the outside.

No person can pretend to be well informed who cannot talk intelligently about the game, during the months of October and November. For this reason I have collected a few facts concerning the prospects and training of the leading teams, which I here lay before the public with the guarantee that, though these statements do not come directly from the men in charge of the teams, they are at least as reliable as anything which does.

The reports from Yale are very discouraging. I learn that all the men who could play football have left Yale by death, graduation, or change of heart. The new material consists entirely of dwarfs and cripples. There is a great deal of feeling against the faculty because Budd, the giant discovered in the Dry Tortugas by a Yale alumnus last summer, was not admitted to the freshman class. The faculty excuses itself on the plea that Budd could neither read nor write, but the feeling among the coaches is that this should not have been allowed to shut him out. He has killed thirteen men, and his paternal grandfather was a cannibal. Sufficient warning was given the faculty as to Budd's deficiencies in reading and writing, and it is strongly asserted that examinations should have been prepared from which those subjects were excluded.

The wearers of the blue are a good deal stirred up by the action of Brown in the matter of Jones and Robinson, the two famous athletes of Andover. Yale claims that these men were kidnapped and brought to Providence in the middle of the night. Each one of them was handcuffed to one of the professors. I get this story pretty straight. It comes from two eminent football players among the Yale alumni. They have been on the lookout for Jones and Robinson all summer, having the title deeds of several New Haven city lots concealed about their clothing. They now claim that Brown's representatives kept the two athletes in a cave among the Berkshire hills, and they ask with some warmth whether such conduct is calculated to advance the cause of education or promote friendly feeling among the colleges.

Prof. Skelton, the distinguished physiologist, has been engaged to assist in coaching the Yale eleven. He is pointing out the weak points in the human skeleton. Old Yale men think that if he had begun work earlier in the season, something might have come of it. As it is, the eleven has not yet mastered the subject of simple fractures of the collar-bone, and it is feared that little can be done with the vertebrae before the day of the Harvard game.

Considering all of these disadvantages, so the Yale coaches tell me, it is as near a moral certainty as anything in football can be that Harvard will win. However, in a spirit of pure devotion to Old Eli, a few Yale men will take any bet that is offered on the result, if the odds are satisfactory.

At Harvard things are different. It is easy enough to figure up a sure thing for the eleven. Graves, Coffin, Hersey, Biers and Tombs of last year's eleven are in fine form and probably will be all about fifteen minutes before the Yale game when the best of them will drop dead. Great reliance is placed upon the Deland tricks which, last year, came so near making the game interesting for those who had money up. It will be remembered that the "flying wedge" gained twenty-three yards for Harvard and would undoubtedly have resulted in a touchdown had not Brewer, who had the ball and a clear field before him, run against a streak of hard luck in the atmosphere which detained him long enough for the Yale eleven to arrive.



GOING TO A FOOTBALL GAME.

and sit on him. The "horse's neck" was also very successful, and had Mr. Deland made it a giraffe's neck as he originally intended, it might have been long enough to reach over the line. Of course a little thing like that would not have affected the score but it would have further enhanced the popularity of the referee.

I had an interesting talk with Mr. Deland about his new tricks. He has a contrivance like a chess board with which to illustrate his amazing devices. There are eleven little men in red and eleven in blue which are set up on opposite sides. Mr. Deland, by the way, is not a Harvard man, and his connection with the athletics of that college is purely providential. He has no other motive for his football work than the desire to promote the cause of education, and no other reward than the consciousness that he is benefiting the

race at the expense of the individual which is always a laudable aim.

"This trick," said Mr. Deland, setting up his men, "is worked with the assistance of twenty-two substitutes."

"What will they do?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"They will continue the game when the trick is over," said Mr. Deland, grimly. "I have called it the Kilkenny Cats."

He worked the trick through with the red and blue mannikins. It is so complicated that I can remember only a little of the last part where the blue full back leaves his legs on the fifteen-yard line while the remainder of him is touched down behind the goal posts by the man who runs with the ball.

"You see," said Mr. Deland, "the last man left alive is red, and he falls dead on the ball just back of the line. I wish I could save somebody to swear at the referee, but it doesn't seem to be possible."

I was powerfully impressed by Mr. Deland's knowledge of the game. Of



MR. DELAND'S TRICK.

course, I am no judge. Football has changed a great deal since I played it. We used to think in those days that if we broke a man's nose we were doing well, and we tackled a runner with no higher ambition than to stop him temporarily. We expected him to groan some time. I have fallen behind the age.

I am glad to hear that there is still a chance that Harvard and Princeton may play. The Tigers have presented eleven thousand alternative propositions to Harvard's managing committee, and thus far only ten thousand and five hundred excuses have been prepared in reply. If the committee's inventive powers give out, we may have a little good sport, as we used to before committees of this kind were devised, and the representatives of the two colleges may get a chance to exercise something besides their jaws.

As to the Princeton team, there is much uncertainty. Sluggish, the weakest desperado that ever shed blood, in the theological seminary. If his studies in Divinity will not permit him to play football, the loss of life among Princeton's opponents this fall will be materially decreased. Several other good football men are in the seminary, but they will play for the sake of killing the University of Pennsylvania's eleven.

Vincent, the great end rush, is said to be in good form this year. He will play in all important games. Apropos, it may be predicted that the men from the iron foundry in which he held some sort of a position will again visit New York to cheer their old comrade, and their clothes, their language and their general behavior (both sober and otherwise) will again be carefully written up by the New York papers, as an illustration of the demeanor of the student class in the general and the Princeton man in particular.

And this reminds me that the greatest part of the whole exhibition is the marvelous gathering at one of the great games. I shall never forget the assemblage at the last Yale-Princeton game in New York. The number of persons present was so vast that when they showed up, they did nearly all the time, the vibration of the earth could be felt in Connecticut. I do not pretend to understand why watching a football game is so much colder than anything else in the world. I once stood as one of a half dozen surviving relatives of a very rich man, and heard his will read, which gave his all to the board of foreign missions, and I should know something about the cold spots in this mortal life; but I certainly never experienced a more biting chill than that on Manhattan field where, clad in four "creaters" and almost everything else that I possess, I watched Yale make a touchdown in four minutes.

But the game is not all of it. There is the wonderful and inspiring collection of all the old fellows in the hotels on the previous night. Ah, how I delight to hustle through the crowd with a bunch of keys and a bridge ticket in my pocket, and play that I am looking for somebody who will bet a thousand dollars, even, on Yale. I meet no end of men whom I used to know when I was very little poorer than they are now. They ask me how I am, getting along, and I say "first rate" so many times that by midnight I fairly believe it myself.

Then I go back to the flat, imagining all the way that it's a mansion on Fifth avenue, and that dozens of my classmates are making it their home while they're in the city to see the game. I entertain them in fancy, with open-handed liberality. I lend some of them money. They accept it with tears of gratitude, and then we open another bottle. At this point in the vision I generally reach my real residence. My wife opens the door. She has sat up for me. I stare at her. She should be gorgeous with silks and blazes with diamonds. It was thus I saw her in the dream, as I came along the street. I sink into a chair, and slowly remember that it isn't so at all. Nothing of all that was real except the wine.

"Well, howdy," says Maude, gently. "Did you see all your old friends?"

"Yes, my dear," I reply with my accustomed honesty. "And I saw most of them double towards the last of it."

HOWARD FIELDING.

A Seashore Episode.

Those two young girls seem to have so much in common. They are the warmest friends."

"No wonder. They are both engaged to the same man."—Chicago Record.

IN HONOR OF GUESTS

Miss Wonderly Gives an Informal Waltz Party.

THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT

Weddings and Engagements—Other Matters of Interest to Persons In and Out of Society.

Miss Wonderly, in honor of her guests, Miss Willette of New York city and Miss Perkins of Rochester, New York, gave an informal waltz party in her home on Tuesday night. The dancing hall on the third floor was decorated in white and gold, and a corner was embowered with an apple tree, from which were hanging ripe apples. Beneath the boughs sweet cider was served to the dancers. Supper was served in the dining room at 11 o'clock. The invited guests were Miss Southwick of Chicago, New York; Miss Richards of Chicago; Miss Withey, Miss Bessie Widdicombe, Miss Grace Remington, Miss Grawford, Miss Robinson, Miss Barnhart, Miss Hawkins, Miss Hentig, Miss Cobb, Miss Shepard, Miss Putnam, Miss Estelle Putnam, Miss Waters, Miss Parker, Miss Barnett, Miss Calkins, Miss Hindall, Charles Fox, Roger Grawford, Frank Marshall, Randall Hawkins, Charles Shepard, John Faulkner, O. P. Hughtart, Roland Lowe, John Hlodgett, A. B. Rathbone, Ben Robinson, Bern Hazeltine, Ralph Widdicombe, Ed. Avery, Percy Crocker, Will and Carroll Perkins, Charles Withey, James Crosby, James Barnett, Harvey Wonderly, David Uhl, Cass and Littleton Stickney, Louis Cady, Fred Aldrich, Bert Cobb, Robert Barnard, John Seymour and Fred Dean.

Pedro for Charity.

The P. C. Campbell pedro club has organized in the interest of sweet charity for its winter campaign. There are thirty-two members in the fraternity and the rules are that on each Saturday evening, which is the time for the club to meet, that each member shall drop 10 cents into the charity box. Each tardy member must also contribute a dime and if any member should be absent without giving the hostess a day's notice, 25 cents must be paid into the fund. The cost of the prizes is limited to a small amount. The box is opened on Monday mornings and its contents are sent to Miss Field of the Associated Charities organization. The members of the club are Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. E. Deverend, Mr. and Mrs. Bowerling, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Slauson, Mr. and Mrs. Rindis, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Campbell, Mrs. M. H. Ford, Mrs. Alice Carpenter, John Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wolcott, Mr. Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Will Downs, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Davidson. The club met last evening with Dr. and Mrs. Rankin of No. 50 South Union street.

Ladies Literary Club.

The program at the Ladies' Literary club house yesterday afternoon was a summary of past work in United States history. The afternoon was interspersed with appropriate songs and readings. The club-rooms are now open on each day of the week for the benefit of the membership and for the accommodation of study classes. Mrs. Cyrus Perkins will hold classes on "Current Events" on October 31, November 14, 28, and December 12, in the library at 10 o'clock a. m. Mrs. Rosenthal's classes in "Parliamentary Law" will be conducted in the library at 2:30 p. m. on October 24, November 21, December 5 and 19. Mrs. Brooks will lead the "History Class" in the library at 2:30 p. m. on October 25, November 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, December 6, 13, 20. The "Shakespearean" classes, conducted by Mrs. Vine, will be held in the upper room at 2:15 on the afternoon of October 25, November 8, 22, December 13, 27. The Shakespeare "Study Group" of Mrs. Linsen, will be held on December 1, when the fourth act of "Macbeth" will be read. The "Art Class," led by Mrs. Torrey, will be conducted in the auditorium October 26, November 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, December 7, 14, 21. The classes will be held at 2:30 on the afternoon mentioned.

Miss Baldwin's Musicals.

Thursday evening, in her home on Lagrange street, Mrs. A. T. Amuden entertained a number of guests in honor of Miss Eugenia Baldwin of Chicago. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Coulter, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Tinkham, Mr. A. H. Morehead, Miss Morrissey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Linn, Mrs. Gibson of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fisherty, Miss Frelich, Wallace Amuden and Miss Eugenia Amuden. Mrs. Amuden served refreshments.

Mrs. Lowe's Dinner.

In honor of Miss Wonderly, Mrs. Edw. Lowe, assisted by John W. Hlodgett, gave a dinner party in her home on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. The dining room was toned in ruby lights and the table was set with Dresden China of white and gold. The following guests were present: Miss Wonderly, Miss Perkins of Rochester, New York, Miss Willette of New York city, Miss Robinson, Miss Remington, Mr. Dodge of Chicago, Mr. Withey, Mr. Shepard and Mr. Bowen.

Unity Circle.

The Unity circle of the unitarian church met at the home of Mrs. L. M. Turner, on the corner of South Division and Kern streets, on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Turner was elected president, Mrs. D. P. Clay vice president, Mrs. George Cook secretary and treasurer. It was decided to hold a social on Thursday evening, November 2, in the Ladies' Literary club house.

Surprised by Her Friends.

About twenty young people surprised Miss Irene Wagner at her home on Sixth street on Thursday evening. Some of the guests were the Misses May Norcott, Josephine, Amelia, Neel, Pauline and Bertha Stein, Messrs. Henry Kimball, Love, Miss, Bert Hall and Christie Smith.

Quilting Bee.

Mrs. Herker of State street, for the pleasure of her daughter, Miss Herker, and her guest, Miss Kate Thompson of Detroit, sent invitations to a quilting party for Friday afternoon. Twelve



We Have Set the Pace.

Have you found a merchant brave enough to follow our unprecedented offerings? You are invited to come and visit a store that neither reflects the present condition of the country or its empty stores. At times during the past two weeks the capacity of our sales people were unequal to the demand, and some who desired to buy could not readily be served. We've met that issue and it won't happen again. It's the policy of close margins and large sales that distinguishes our store from the idle ones. It's the never ending resources, the standard qualities that makes our house a paradise to all the people. From America's great metropolis our New York buyer surveys the world's commercial horizon, and like an eagle after its prey, swoops down upon the victims of hard times whenever it will benefit us and you. Like a storm of sparkling raindrops comes another flood of superb bargains this week. As long as these times exist we shall continue to quote these marvelous figures, though in many instances a material loss is sustained by us.

Respectfully,
SPRING & COMPANY.

Original Prices.

No one will attempt to duplicate them here. Each item has been weighed according to the present necessities of the people. We cannot tell the whole story. There's a perfect epidemic of bargains all over the vast area of merchandise.

CLOAKS CUT IN TWO.

You never saw such general devastation of values as is here shown. For instance:
100 Cloaks that have sold for \$25, now \$10.
300 long Cloaks, reduced to \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.
Cloaks marked to sell at \$15, now \$7.50.
Fur Capes reduced to just half price.
275 Cloaks, trimmed with fur or astrachan, cut squarely in two.
A dozen cases of children's elegantly shaped Cloaks, with fur and other trimmings, intended to sell at \$15, now \$6 and \$7.
The determination to move our cloak stock is sufficient reason for so tremendous a reduction. We've not mentioned a hundredth part of the attractions in our mammoth cloak rooms. We've put the knife into them all.

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DRESS GOODS SALE.

Commencing Monday Morning.

Lot 1. 35c Storm Serges and Camel's Hair Stripes, 25c.
Lot 2. 1 case 50c Hopsackings for 35c.
Lot 3. 50 pieces all wool, Novelty Suitings, 38, 40, 48, 50c.
Lot 4. 50-inch Suitings at 50 to 75c.
Lot 5. One case Mixed Suitings, 50c.
The best line of \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 Suitings in the city.

LINENS. LINENS.

At today's import cost some of them, almost every linen need is touched by our unexampled offerings. All through, the snowy fabric's prices have been pushed down like this.
1 case knotted fringe, Damask Towels, with colored borders at 15c each.
1 case knotted fringe Damask Towels, generous size, at 21c.
100 dozen heavy Huck Towels at 21c.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

25 dozen natural gray, all wool and camel's hair, \$1 Shirts and Drawers, at 65c.
50 dozen Men's ribbed, camel's hair Underwear, from \$1.50 to \$1.25.
50 dozen Men's colored cotton Half Hose, at 9c, worth 12c.
38 dozen Half Hose, merino, 17c quality, at 12 1/2c.
All wool camel's hair Hose, assorted colors, from 35c to 25c.
New line Four-in-hand and Teck Ties at 42c, worth 50c and 75c.
35 dozen Four-in-hands and Tecks at 19c, worth 25c.
Our patent, inserted sleeve, laundered Shirts 50c, worth 75c.
Boys' Shirtwaists, and Blouses at 38c.
The negligee roll collar and other new shapes at 10c, just half value.
Men's \$1 Nightshirts at 65c.

COTTON FLANNELS.

Liberal lots of all the best brands, staple as flour, but urged down to quicksilver prices.
Cotton Flannels 5c per yard.
Cotton Flannels 6 1/2c per yard.
Cotton Flannels 7c per yard.
Cotton Flannels 9c per yard.
We'll stand just one week of these prices.

HERE'S ANOTHER.

All best Prints for this week only 5c per yard.

RIBBONS RIDDLED.

Our entire line of Ribbons, including plain, gros grain, satin edge and satin gros grain, at a reduction of from 25 to 50 per cent, the price step ranging at 5, 7, 9, 11, 14 and 18c.
Beautiful variety of colors in picot edge, satins, etc., at 5c per yard.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

All our white lamb's wool, all sizes, reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.
75 dozen ribbed merino Vests, small and medium sizes, recently \$1, now 50c.
150 dozen ribbed fleeced Underwear at 37 1/2c.
50 dozen silk Vests, low neck, sleeveless, all colors, from 75c to 50c.



SPRING & COMPANY.